

DON'T WANT IT.

Sensation at the University Commencement.

Miss Felton Refused the Prize Medal.

Military Commissions Conferred.

Other Local Items of a Newsy Nature for the Gazette Readers.

Commencement Day Exercises.

The attendance at the Commencement day exercises at the University yesterday was the largest ever known in the history of that institution.

The gallery and sidewalks were beautifully decorated with pepper branches interspersed with festoons of geraniums and palm leaves, while here and there the University colors, blue and gold were displayed.

President Kellogg and the members of the faculty as well as the Board of Regents occupied seats on the platform.

Long before 2 o'clock the hour set for the commencement exercises every seat in the building was occupied and the ushers had to crowd the late comers into the aisles, where they had to stand during the exercises.

The Regents, after their regular business meeting in the morning, lunched at the little brown cottage beyond the rustic bridge, and reached the Gymnasium ten minutes ahead of time. They marched in solemn procession across the green campus, led by President Kellogg, who wore the robes of his scholastic office, and entered the hall to the music of Sousa's latest lively march.

As they paraded down the aisle they were enthusiastically applauded.

Next the undergraduates, who were to receive the honors of the annual ceremonies, marched in and were applauded. The young men wore only their best clothes and looked commonplace by comparison with the picturesque group of pretty girls who wore jaunty mortar-boards with huge tassels and silken gowns that touched the floor.

The students of the sterner sex, following the rule which gives them the right of way, moved up in front and took the best seats, while the girls uncomplainingly and demurely fell into the chairs in the rear. Their bright, fresh faces, whose beauty was heightened by their gowns and mortar boards, and their laughing, sparkling eyes were in evidence throughout the ceremonies.

Three cadets wearing the uniforms of the University Battalion brought in the colors of their command and proudly planted them beside the stage while a hidden orchestra played a rattling air from a recent opera.

Prayer was said by Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., and after he had invoked divine blessing upon the assemblage the regular programme of exercises was introduced. Fred Hanley Seares, a handsome undergraduate, with a studious, thoughtful face, read an interesting essay upon "The Value of Liberal Science." Mr. Seares not only has a good presence, but a strong clear voice, which he understands how to modulate. Though his subject was abstruse he had gone into it so thor-

oughly and raked up so many facts that his paper was exceedingly interesting.

He described how idealistic methods of thought and life have been gradually lost sight of by the application of science in a practical manner, and how the transition has worked to the advantage of mankind. Then he described what science is, and explained the difference between practical science and non-utilitarian science. First upon his list of scientists are the investigators, next the teachers and then the applicators. The first class are students, men who live for science alone, who never derive any profit from their work and are rarely ever heard of until their discoveries have been disseminated by the teachers and applied by the practical scientists. The essay was illustrated by several examples of rare scientific discovery which caused a revolution in existing methods.

William Henry Gorrell, another handsome young fellow, followed Mr. Seares upon the stage and discussed the question "Is the Method of Jurisprudence Exclusively Scientific?" Gorrell is evidently a leader among his classmates and very popular as well.

Walter Huddleston Graves, who wears his curly black hair in poetic ringlets, recited on original poem, of which he was the author.

Then Miss Katherine Conway Felton, the girl whose declination of the prize medal has already been told, read an essay on "Faith in Moral Consciousness," and it was such a strong, clear, logical writing that it instantly met with favor. Miss Felton looked very pretty in her gown and mortar-board.

President Kellogg hardly waited for Miss Felton to resume her seat before he made the announcement that the young woman who had won the medal of honor had declined it and requested that her name be withheld.

Then followed the interesting part of the programme, viz., the conferring of degrees upon the graduates and the distribution of diplomas. A big bundle of the latter, fixed securely in a frame, was brought in and placed upon the stage, and then President Kellogg arose and began to call the names of the lucky students. They were called up one by one, men and women, and handed the parchment rolls containing the indelible record of their scholastic attainments. President Kellogg spoke encouraging words to each of his pupils as they passed him and won many a look of gratitude.

Military commissioners were delivered by Professor F. L. Wieme, First Lieutenant Twelfth United States Infantry, commandant of the University military department, as follows: Colonel William Henry Gorrell, Lieutenant-Colonel Morton Raymond Gibbons, Major Richard Y. Fitzgerald, Captains Madison Ralph Jones, Frank Devello Stringham, Fred Hanley Seares, Walter Albion Hewlett, Harvey Wiley Corbett, Luther Herbert Green, Lieutenants Douglas Waterman, George Gibbs, Chauncey Leavenworth McFarland, Edgar Rickard, Maxwell McNott, Tatsuniro Magario, Charles Edmund Parcells.

Piratical.

"Sailing under false colors" is a remark made to a GAZETTE representative this morning. "To what particular matter do you have reference," was the query. "Why, did you not notice that the Advocate still carries the words 'Town Official Paper' at the head of its correspondence column?" Getting hold of a copy we found it so and at the same time noticed that it was carrying a very large number of dead advertisements. Further comment is unnecessary.

There is quite a difference in the appearance of Durrant since his mustache has been shaved off.

Admiral Meade.

If any faith can be put in the reports which have come to hand in relation to the case of Rear Admiral Meade there appears to be misuse of temporary power. Admiral Meade asked to go on the retired list and also asked for a leave of absence for one year, with the privilege of going abroad. Is there anything wrong about this? It has been granted to many an officer in the service and to obtain such a favor it has only been considered necessary to ask for it.

An alleged interview is published which appears to ruffle the powers that be. Why so? If there is no truth in what is purported to have been said then no harm could come to those in high authority and whom the words were supposed to affect. On the other hand if there was truth in what was said does the right of force accomplish anything by doing a mean act of not granting to a sick officer, who has faithfully served his government, an opportunity to go abroad for his health. Nothing but illness would cause an Admiral to ask to be placed on the retired list.

There must be something more than appears in the service when a leave of absence, once granted, or a request of one of the highest grade officers in the Navy to be placed on the retired list is granted and then the orders revoked. Time has a slow tongue but will eventually tell the whole story and not in a whisper either.

Wedgwood Lost His Lot.

C. H. Wedgwood, a local architect, lost a lot in Lorin yesterday through an order made by Judge Green admitting title to the property at the instance of R. P. M. Greely, a coal dealer, who holds the title to the property from his stepdaughter, who was formerly Mrs. Wedgwood. On the 1st of November last Wedgwood allowed his wife to take a divorce in Los Angeles by default on the ground of cruelty. They had been married only a year and a half. Before the separation he had made a deed to her of the property in Lorin. Subsequently, as his story went, Mrs. Wedgwood transferred the lot back to her husband. She denied this, for she claims that the deed she held was hers, and from that she transferred the property to her stepfather, who sued to admit title. Wedgwood claimed possession through his deed, but the ex-Mrs. Wedgwood swore that he stole the deed out of her trunk.

The case was heard yesterday before Judge Greene and was one of the flattest kind of denials on each side.

Court Notes.

There are often many funny things occurring in a justice's court. Orpheus C. Kerr many years ago published a book in which was recorded many scenes coming before his eyes in the New York police courts.

Something of the kind was on the docket in the West End court today. A case was called in which the woman was the real complainant although the name of the People appeared on file. A woman was also the defendant. No lawyers were engaged and each woman conducted her own case. They talked so much that the Judge could not get in a word hardly edgewise. The outcome was that the jury found for the defendant without leaving their seats.

In Judge Lord's court this morning Mrs. Josephine Dean was tried before a jury upon the charge of malicious mischief. The complainant was Mrs. Mary Dutra. Sufficient proof was not made to show the defendant guilty, and the jury said words to that effect.

The Grand Lodge of the Hermanns' Sons Order will hold their annual session in San Jose next year.

OUR CITY DADS

Met at the Town Hall Last Evening

And Canvassed the Election Returns.

The Table as Published today Correct.

Degrees were Conferred on One Hundred and Twelve Graduates.

Board of Trustees.

The regular meeting prescribed by law was held last evening at the Town Hall to canvass the returns of the election held last Monday.

Every member was in his seat when the clerk called the roll, and answered in a cheerful tone, present.

There was no time lost in preliminaries and the clerk proceeded at once to open the packages containing the returns, which resulted as follows:

	1st Ward	2nd Ward	3rd Ward	4th Ward	5th Ward	6th Ward	7th Ward	TOTAL
Lloyd	51	4	130	35	72	133	137	592
Striker	114	38	126	89	88	48	35	578
Bull	119	74	163	34	52	45	61	548
Hanscom	131	71	143	63	80	69	70	625
Gompertz	69	81	149	50	68	90	87	574
Bone	79	29	107	27	37	33	43	355
Young	7	3	9	15	27	17	21	99
Squires	200	118	246	92	106	109	115	986
Good	76	61	155	61	99	93	98	643
Wells	182	106	240	113	137	149	160	887
Lowell	92	78	153	39	67	54	51	534

—TRUSTEES—		SCHOOL DIRECTORS	
1ST WARD		1ST WARD	
Gage	139	Robertson	145
Finn	126	Geirrine	92
May	16	Woodworth	36
2ND WARD		2ND WARD	
Rickard	83	Wickson	164
Jones	70	Beatty	18
Morgan	32		
3RD WARD		3RD WARD	
Bangs	2	Boone	212
Richards	261	Dikeman	133
Whiting	138	Miner	34
Dobbins	9	Rhodes	26
4TH WARD		4TH WARD	
Cripps	63	Swain	84
Rose	52	Frame	70
5TH WARD		5TH WARD	
Lee	40	Norton	126
Gentry	3	Boardman	77
6TH WARD		6TH WARD	
Martin	101	Niehhaus	131
Gelder	54		
7TH WARD		7TH WARD	
Evans	52	Engelbreten	135
Rudolph	3	Dickieson	82
8TH WARD			
Durrell	125		
9TH WARD			
Underwood	93		
10TH WARD			
Hoff	74		
Higgins	68		
Heywood	38		
Acton	15		
Davis	30		

The clerk then read an ordinance declaring the following officers elected and it was passed:

Marshal—Richard Lloyd.
Clerk—M. L. Hanscom.
Treasurer—John Squires.
Assessor—I. W. Wells.
Trustee, First ward—J. W. Gage.
Trustee, Second ward—Reuben Rickard.
Trustee, Third ward—J. W. Richards.
Trustee, Fourth ward—E. H. Cripps.
Trustee, Fifth ward—John Martin.
Trustee, Sixth ward—G. G. Durrell.
Trustee, Seventh ward—Christian Hoff.

Member Board of Education, First Ward—G. M. Robertson.

Member Board of Education, Second ward—E. J. Wickson.

Member Board of Education, Third ward—P. R. Boone.

Member Board of Education, Fourth ward—Geo. Swain.

Member Board of Education, Fifth ward—G. A. Norton.

Member Board of Education, Sixth ward—Ed. F. Niehaus.

Member Board of Education, Seventh Ward—C. Engelbreten.

President Acton suggested that as there was considerable unfinished business to be cleared up, and as it was necessary to appoint an expert upon the books, it might be well to have a meeting of the Board before Monday. It was finally settled that the Board would hold a special meeting on Friday evening.

President Acton requested that all committees have their reports ready for Monday evening.

The Board then adjourned until Friday evening.

State of Maine Picnic.

The State of Maine Association will hold its eighteenth annual reunion this year on Saturday, May 25th, at San Lorenzo Grove. It will take the form of a basket picnic.

It is desired that all natives of Maine, their families and all their friends join in this reunion and merry outing.

Fare on electric cars from Oakland, round trip, 50 cents, admission to the grounds, 15 cents.

All who desire can obtain excursion tickets of the Association for the round trip from Oakland, including admission to the grounds, for 40 cents. No reduction for children. Children under four years free. These excursion tickets must be obtained before getting on the cars, and may be procured at the headquarters of the Association at any time, or at the drugstores of Bowman, G. B. Flint or Osgood Bros. on Broadway, Oakland, or of Dr. S. H. Melvin or Smith Bros. corner Thirteenth avenue and East Fourteenth Street, East Oakland, or of V. R. Grabin, near Twenty-third avenue, or at Joy's corner of Market and Powell streets, San Francisco.

Real Estate Transfers.

John M. and Emma S. Foy to Sarah T. Ingals, lot 17, block 14, College Homestead tract.

Ella C. Pond to Charles C. Bemis, lot on south line of Dwight way being apportion of Leonard tract; also lot on corner of Blake and Ellsworth streets, a portion of Leonard tract; also lot on northeast corner of Dwight way and Ellsworth street, being a portion of lot 1, block 5, College Homestead Association; also lot on east line of Ellsworth street being a portion of lot 1, block 5, College Homestead Association.

Frederick and Mary E. Ryer to Stella H. Wood, portion of lot 3, block 3, College Homestead Association.

The recent rose exhibition at Stiles Hall has increased the interest of Berkeley florists in such displays and will lead to the organization of a local floral society. A meeting will be held soon to start the movement, and in the meantime the names of charter members are being obtained. Application on the part of those who desire to join the society can be made to M. L. Hanscom at his office on Shattuck avenue.

The number of students in town preparatory to taking the entrance examinations at the university is larger even than last year. As the present working force at the university is overtaxed already and the accommodations have not been ample enough during the last year, it will be necessary to make the requirements more exacting than heretofore in order to keep the entering class within such limits as will make it possible to deal justly with it.

Mrs. A. W. Burrill of Oakland has recovered her diamond brooch which she lost on a recent trip to Mt. Hamilton. It was found in a pawn shop in San Jose.

GAZETTELETS.

Since the trial of the California athletes with the Princeton boys there is much speculation as to what will be the outcome on Saturday with the Pennsylvanians. Last week's success makes Californians hope for the best. Whether they are heavily handicapped or not will be shown by the games. People here are led to believe that the game of this week will be the hardest one the California boys will have to encounter.

A franchise for an electric road from Napa to Calistoga has been asked for from the Board of Supervisors of Napa county. It is also proposed to run electric roads to Napa Soda Springs and the Insane Asylum.

The Vallejo Water Company has had an injunction placed upon it to prevent its selling water to customers outside of the city. It proposes to sell water to the U. S. Navy Yard in place of the Chebot Water Company and the latter company does not want to lose the contract. The Vallejo Company's water is preferable to that of the other company by the officers and hence the change was made.

The Police Commissioners of San Francisco favor the making of the new uniforms for its officers out of home-made cloth if it will equal what is called the 6xbeaver. A local manufacturer has stated that he can make equally as good cloth as the sample furnished at a price more than 30 per cent less than what is charged for the foreign goods. A sample bolt of cloth will be made and then tested as to its durability and its power to retain the dye used.

The Board of Trustees of the University of the Pacific has elected the faculty for Napa College for the coming year.

Ed. Jordan got five days in the County Jail for disturbing the peace. Judge Lord administered the medicine yesterday.

A Chinaman plead guilty in Judge Lord's Court yesterday of peddling without a license. He was fined \$10 and paid it.

The candidates at the municipal election on Monday have already begun to file statements of expenses. W. H. Bone, a candidate for clerk, expended only \$14.75, mostly for assessments paid to the parties nominating him.

William Fredericks, the murderer of Cashier Herrick, created quite a scene in Judge Murphy's court yesterday. He acted like an insane person. Whether it was feigned or not a duly appointed commission will have to find out.

Rev. J. M. Monroe from Modesto is in town looking around for a place of residence. His son will attend the University. Mr. Monroe is the kind of a man that Berkeley wants in its community.

The North American Commercial Company will be allowed to catch 7500 seal skins this year with a proviso that the number may be doubled if it appears that the herds would not be endangered.

Colonel R. H. Warfield has been appointed Brigadier-General of the First Brigade National Guard of California to succeed General Dickinson.

The conference between the Harbor Commissioners and the directors of the Valley road has been postponed until Wednesday next by special request of Governor Budd.

The contractors for gold to the Government are paying in the coin pretty lively. The reserve will soon be quite a little distance beyond what the law requires. How long will it remain that way?

It is said that the defalcation of Shultz, formerly general land agent of the Northern Pacific railroad is very near \$125,000.

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TOWN OFFICIAL PAPER.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895

Two pioneers of Vallejo, Mrs. W. S. Brooks and Mrs. Bridget R. Judge, died within the past few days.

JUDGE SMITH at Los Angeles has sentenced "Kid" Thompson, convicted of the Roscoe train robbery, to be hanged.

A LARGE barn and dairy house on the Gardner ranch at Wooden Valley, Napa County, was burned on Tuesday. Sixty tons of hay and six calves were destroyed.

THE San Joaquin Electric Company is building an immense power plant on the San Joaquin river. They have made an offer to furnish the Valley railroad for their machine shops.

A CANNERY at Dalles, Oregon, has commenced the work of canning horse meat and shipping it to the Eastern markets. People who have sampled the meat say it is good but confess to a prejudice against eating horseflesh.

CAPTAIN E. W. HOLMES has gone to the East to bring out the steamer Wenatchee to run between Seattle and San Francisco for the West Coast Navigation in competition with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The boat will take the place of the Farallon, recently withdrawn.

ROBBERS entered the Cloverdale postoffice Tuesday night and robbed it of \$1000 in cash and postage stamps, besides a number of deeds and insurance policies belonging to private parties, who trusted their valuable papers in the strong box. Some parties are suspected and that is all of the clue there is so far.

It is about time that something was said against some of the government ships on this coast. The city papers publish a dispatch saying that the cruiser Philadelphia is at Honolulu in a disabled condition. That the starboard engine is disabled. Now the ship has been lying there for sometime and why is it that this news did not reach here before? It looks just like the same old fake news.

The people of Oakland are greatly exercised over the proposed Sunday closing of saloons in that city. The newspapers have been interviewing a large number of people, and while many of them are temperance people, they believe that as long as the saloons are licensed it would be poor policy to close them on Sundays. Nearly every town that has tried Sunday closing has regretted it and returned to the old rule. Oakland has no parks, no water fountains, and people from across the bay do not care to go thirsty, and they certainly would have to if the saloons were closed on Sundays, unless they carried a canteen with them.

Miss Katherine Felton, who was awarded the University medal for the best scholarship, has declined to accept it. It is becoming the proper thing of late to struggle throughout the whole term for the medal and then decline it afterwards. There is of course a reason for this, and the persons who have declined the medal have not done so because it was a fad but because of the way credits are given and verages are arrived at by the faculty. The present manner of awarding the medal is very faulty and does not suit the students at all. There should be no half or quarter credits considered in the awarding of the University medal. No student, male or female, feels like taking a medal on a half or quarter credit. There should be a certain percentage that it is necessary to attain and all students obtaining that percentage should be entitled to a medal and the one going the highest over that set percentage should receive the special scholarship medal.

Subscribe for the GAZETTE.

ACCORDING to late advices received at Washington, important documents have been found at Honolulu as to the pending British-Venezuelan boundary question in which the United States has urged arbitration as a means of settlement. Assistant Surveyor General Curtis J. Lyons of Hawaii has examined them and made a map accompanied by a statement, which it is said supports Venezuela's contention even on the evidence thus far presented by the British. The records brought to light by Mr. Lyons were furnished to Hawaii by the British Foreign office when Hawaii was a monarchy largely under British control. They are in file in the surveyor's office at Honolulu. This map and survey shows that England is now trying to steal at least 10,000 square miles of Venezuelan territory. The old map was made by the Royal Geographical Society of England and was therefore given official approval and was sent out by the Foreign office. It is therefore considered of scientific as well as official value. What the Venezuelans are claiming we have not the means of knowing, but it is very natural they should claim at least that British Guinea should adhere to the original map.

SUGAR AND OIL.

Water and oil do not mix readily, but sugar and oil seem to have no repugnance to each other, if we may judge from the statement that Havemayer and Searles, the sugar trust men, have joined hands with Rockefeller, the oil trust man to secure control, to secure control of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Sugar and oil are to control the destinies of the Northern Pacific, and it is believed that under the new regime the road will be put on its legs and operated as a business enterprise.

Havemayer and Rockefeller have an undoubted right to invest their surplus in a railroad if they desire, but the question is open for discussion whether the best interests of the American people do not require the imposition of some limitation upon the aggregation of wealth by corporations, trusts and syndicates. John D. Rockefeller is probably the richest man in the United States, and his money has been made strictly within the letter of the law. Mr. Havemayer is a man of enormous fortune, and his money, too, has been made in business enterprises which the law recognizes and encourages.

Still, when an oil king and a sugar king put their resources together and buy a railroad out and out, is it not time to inquire whether such accumulations of money should be permitted, and whether the millions of dollars held by these two men should be allowed to be subject to their individual will and control?

This is not anarchy, communism, agrarianism, or anything of the sort. It is simply an earnest, sincere inquiry into a question of public policy, and one which must be settled sooner or later. It does not look to the taking of Rockefeller's or Havemayer's money away from them, or either of them, and dividing it among a lot of lazy, worthless, irresponsible loafers, who never have worked for a living and never will except under the whip and spur of sheer necessity but it does regard the absorption, confiscation, if you like, of a portion of the vast wealth of individuals by the State and for the uses of the State. There is no inherent right to the ownership of property except under the law of superior strength and force. Title is a creation of legislation, and the law which creates a title in fee simple may limit that title in amount or quantity. Sugar and petroleum will not be allowed to dominate the community forever—Chronicle

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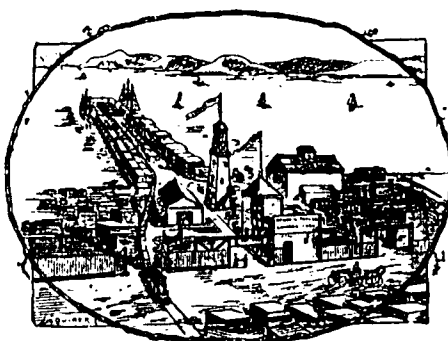
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A STOLEN SECRET.

How Minister Jewell Learned to Make Russia Leather.

Jewell, like all men brought up to learn a trade, and who afterward find prominence in affairs, made now and then unconscious revelations of his early training. During one of the campaigns in which he was engaged he found himself at a country hotel where the table was bounteous, but the rooms few and small. It was necessary in order that the whole party might be housed for each bed to be occupied by two persons. The governor's roommate was a young politician, who could not hide his surprise when the governor just before retiring rolled the sleeves of his night shirt even as far up as his shoulders, and then bathed his arms in cold water.

"You wonder why I do this," said the governor. "Well, I couldn't sleep unless I did. When I was a youngster learning the tanners' trade, I used to have my arms in the vats all day long, and at night my skin would smart as though I had been stung by nettles. I could not bear to have any cloth touch them. So I got the habit of rolling my shirt sleeves as far as I could, and thus I have slept ever since."

When Jewell was minister to Russia, he played a Yankee trick upon the Russians, the benefits of which we are repeating even to this day in this country. Like every other American tanner, he had long wanted to know the secret of the process of manufacturing Russian leather. He had experimented with a few dollars himself, only to learn that the secret was not to be discovered.

When at the court of St. Petersburg, he professed great interest in Russian industries and was shown through many of the manufactures there. By and by there came an opportunity to go through a factory where Russia leather was manufactured. Jewell was all smiles and courtesies and seemed profoundly interested in those things which really did not interest him and wholly blind to the very things he went to that place to see. But he was not so blind as they thought. When he came out of that factory, he had discovered, as he believed, the process, and he brought the discovery back to this country with him, so that by and by the United States began to turn out a very good article of leather resembling the Russian product.—Philadelphia Press.

A HISTORICAL MYTH.

The Story of General Jackson's Cotton Bale Breastworks a Pleading Fiction.

There are few of the schoolboys of several generations preceding the present who do not remember being taught that General Jackson won the battle of New Orleans by throwing up a breastwork of cotton bales and meeting the British assault behind them.

A dramatic account of this was in all the school histories and several others, and the novelty of the affair appealed vividly to the imagination. The cold facts of later history prove this all to have been fiction. Henry Adams, in his history of Madison's administration, describes the battle of New Orleans and mentions no such feature. McMaster, in his latest volume, refers to the story in a note only to say that there were two or three cotton bales used in one place, and they were either set on fire or knocked out at once.

Jackson's line of breastworks was of earth irregularly thrown up and of varying height along its length. The trained sharpshooters of the west did great work as marksmen behind it and so galled the heavily laden British troops that they had no alternative but to be shot or retreat before the American line.

The schoolbook story used to be that the Americans lost six killed and seven wounded. McMaster places the figures of killed and wounded at 70. The British, it seems, were not all repulsed according to the popular story. The right line of the American troops was driven in, and the British left advanced a mile in the rear of Jackson on the way to New Orleans.

He was really flanked by this success, but the terrific slaughter he inflicted upon the British in the center, involving the death of the first and second generals in command, completely dispirited them and induced the return of that wing of their army that was on the way to the city.—Boston Herald.

Lincoln and the Highwayman.

The following is a story of Abraham Lincoln which, if it is not true—as it probably is not—is at least entitled to a place in legendary literature: Lincoln was once riding along a lonely road when an ill looking man, who held a cocked revolver, suddenly faced him.

"What do you want, my friend?" Lincoln asked.

"I am going to shoot you," answered the man.

"Well," said Lincoln, "I don't mind being killed, but I should like to know your reasons."

"I once vowed," said the man, "that if I ever met a man homelier than I am I would shoot him."

Lincoln looked critically at his assailant for a minute, and then said:

"Well, if I am any homelier than you are, then for pity's sake shoot!"

Making Steady Progress.

"Yes, sir," said the long haired boarder. "I am fully satisfied in my own mind that woman should be vested with all the privileges of man."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be vested," chimed in the cheerful idiot.

"She has been coated the same as man, and if this bicycle business keeps on she will be trundled."

The dinner bell rang, and in the mad rush ensuing the rest of the cheerful idiot's speech hit the empty air.—Indianapolis Journal.

To Keep Sunday Whole.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me.

Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday.

Effie—Well, we can let the bishop win.—Fall River Gazette.

SAM BROWN'S FIRST KILLING.

A Nevada Desperado Whose Career of Crime Was Started by a Bully.

"At my first meeting with Sam Brown, the famous desperado, he did me an honor that few men would care to receive," said Wash Parker, an old time Nevada. "He invited himself to be my traveling companion on a two days' wagon journey. I was starting out one morning with a wagon and pair of horses from a little mining settlement known then as Golconda. As I came opposite the hotel a large man standing on the veranda hailed me and asked if I was going to Virginia City. I answered yes, and he said:

"I reckon I'll go along with you."

"I'm Sam Brown," he heeded. "May-be you don't have much confidence in me since hearing my name, but I reckon we'll travel along together all right."

"Well, there wasn't anything to be said but 'All right; jump aboard,' and Sam Brown, with a carpetbag in his hand and his pistols bulging under his coat, came out to the wagon and took his seat beside me. He proved a civil enough companion, and we got through to Virginia City all right, with nobody killed on the way. He had taken along a bottle of prepared cocktails, and I had a box of cigars, so that the time passed rather sociably as we made our journey together."

"We went into camp that night at Sandy Springs, about half way to Virginia City, and in the course of the evening he told me something of his life and adventures. One thing in particular that I remember was the way he came to start out on his career of killing. I don't recall whether it was in Texas or Missouri that this first affair happened, but it was when he was a hulking young fellow, green and chicken hearted, to use his own words in telling it. There was a certain gambler in a town where he was staying who used to bully and abuse him when they came together. Everywhere and whenever the gambler saw him in a saloon he would kick him about and drive him out of the place. One day a man unfriendly to this gambler said to Sam:

"Why do you stand all this abuse from that gambler? Take this pistol and the next time he crowds you kill him."

"Sam took the advice and the pistol, and the next time the gambler went for him, instead of sneaking away and looking sorry, he shot his tormentor dead. After he had thus got his hand in killing men came easy to Sam, and he made a long score before his own time came."

"Though, as I said, we made our journey together all right, I know it would take too little to set things to going all wrong for me thoroughly to enjoy Sam Brown's society. I wasn't sorry to set him down at the Primavera saloon in Virginia City, where we took a drink together, shook hands and went our different ways."—New York Sun.

LIVING ABROAD.

It Is Not So Cheap as It Is Commonly Reputed to Be.

"A man soon gets tired of many long cherished traditions respecting the cost of things in Europe by a little bit of personal contact with old world institutions," said Colonel W. C. Chapman of San Francisco. "I had an idea until I sojourned abroad one summer that the cost of living was much lower in London, for example, than in any American city. To my sorrow, I found out that to live in good style in London was dearer a good deal than to exist comfortably in New York."

"To be specific, I went to the Savoy, the best hotel in the great metropolis, and ordered a dinner not at all more elaborate than I am used to having at home. There are some excellent restaurants in Washington not noted for their cheapness where that dinner would have cost about \$5.50—certainly not more than \$6. The bill brought me called for £2, or \$10 in American currency. Of course there was a small bottle of wine, but it was innocent of ice, as neither love, money nor tears will make those beautiful Britishers give you any ice with your drinks. I don't want to ever hear again of European cheap living. It's a myth. I can live better in this country on less money and have a ton of ice a day if I want it gratis. You may be able to live over there on a little money, but a man can exist very cheaply in China if he will limit himself to rice."—Memphis Commercial.

Those Irrepressibles!

It was at a large party. A gentleman had the misfortune to break a glass. Little Lena, who was standing near her mamma, raised herself on tiptoe and whispered, loud enough for all the company to hear:

"And one of the borrowed ones too!"

Later in the evening the hostess gave one of her little daughters a nice apple.

"Now, give your mamma a kiss, there's a dear," said the child's uncle.

"I'm not allowed to when she's painted her face."

Little Paul was sent with a bunch of flowers to the manager's wife on her birthday and waited in silence after he had been dismissed.

Lady—Well, my young man, what are you waiting for now?

Paul—Mamma said I was not to ask for a piece of birthday cake, but wait till I got it.—Tagliche Rundschau.

Rockers.

Rocking chairs of the styles prevailing nowadays are believed to have been invented in the present century. They are mentioned by Venerable Bede: "The women now are so luxurious that they do have chairs with wooden circles on the legs and which sway back and forth in such sort that it maketh one sick to behold them."

Teapots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.

Marie Antoinette, the queen of Louis XVI, gave a name to Marietta, C.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

The Navel Orange and How It Came to This Country.

The first navel orange was doubtless a freak or "sport," as horticulturists say. To make such a fruit by artifice would be impossible. It is abnormal even in the bud. The navel shows in the bud as early as the latter can be examined under the microscope. It may even be traced back to the flower, which is double—though that word does not express the idea very well, each blossom having a secondary blossom within it. In the developed fruit the navel is itself a secondary orange, in some specimens having a distinct skin surrounding it.

The two story orange is no novelty. A book on horticulture published in 1842 gives a picture of the navel orange and calls it "pomum Adami foetum." This is the earliest reference known. The blossoms rarely have any pollen, and the fruit is usually, though not always, seedless. The variety is reproduced by budding. Where it originated is not known with certainty, but it was probably in southern Asia. Thence it was brought to the region of the Mediterranean and eventually diffused over the world. A lady who had traveled in Brazil told Mr. Saunders, chief gardener of the department of agriculture, about the orange, which she had seen in that country. Acting on this information, Mr. Saunders told a Star reporter that he sent to Bahia and secured a dozen young budded trees. These reached the United States in 1870, being the first navel orange trees known here.

From these trees others were propagated. One of the first batch thus obtained is now in the orangehouse of the department of agriculture. In 1873 two of the trees were sent to Mrs. L. C. Tibbets of Riverside, Cal. At the same time others were sent to Florida. But those planted in California fruited more quickly and were the first to attract attention. It soon became evident that the climate of that state was better suited to the cultivation of this variety. In Florida it is not sufficiently productive—i. e., does not bear freely enough to be profitable. Nevertheless the finest navel oranges come from Florida, though they are not so handsome as those from California.—Washington Star.

LAFAYETTE'S GRAVE.

It Is In Old Paris, and a Silken American Flag Always Floats Over It.

"While in Paris a short while ago," said a traveler recently, "it occurred to me that it was a fitting act to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of that illustrious Frenchman, dear to the hearts of all American patriots, Marquis de Lafayette. I asked a number of people before I could find any one to enlighten me as to the spot, but after repeated inquiry ascertained its location. The grave is situated in old Paris, within the grounds of a convent that the ancestors of Lafayette founded, and where repose the remains of many of the French nobility. The first thing that attracted my attention in connection with the hero's tomb was that above it floated a silken flag bearing the stars and stripes."

"It seems that a good many years ago an American gentleman left in his will a sum of money to be used for the special purpose of keeping an American flag forever flying above the grave of Lafayette. It has done so, without intermission, from the day the will went into effect, and whenever, through the wear of the elements, one flag becomes unserviceable a new one straightway takes its place. Through untold centuries the emblem of the country which, in its early struggles for liberty, had his beneficent aid will wave above his ashes."—Washington Post.

Importance of the Exchange Reader.

The man who reads the exchanges is a very important man, and, let me say, too, he is a pretty highly paid man. He has to read, we will say, 3,000 papers regularly. All the newspapers in the country come into the office, and he does not do anything else. He sits at his desk all day, and a pile of newspapers, or, say, a cord of newspapers, is laid before him every morning. He starts to work and turns them over and over to see what is in them. He has to know what it is that should be taken from them and put into his paper. What is the interesting story? It requires judgment to know this. It requires knowledge and experience as well as talent. It also requires a sense of humor, because there are a great many things that are really important that may not seem so at the first glance, and the newspaper reader has got to judge about that. He must always be on hand and spend a great many hours at his desk, and he is pretty tired when he gets through with his day's task. It is a hard duty, but he has lots of amusement, and, as I said, he is very well paid. So he is happy.—Charles A. Dana in McClure's Magazine.

A Winning Bluff.

Fogg—What do you mean by saying that the thing can't be done? Gouger says it can be done, and Gouger is the best authority in the whole world. I suppose you will admit that?

Fenderson—Oh, of course! If Gouger says it can be done, I have nothing more to say.

Figg (after Fenderson's departure)—Who is this Gouger and is he such an authority upon the matter?

Fogg—Never heard of him in my life. Don't know there is such a person. Probably there isn't. If there is, don't know whether he is an authority on this or any other question.—Boston Transcript.

Just a Marriage.

An old negro named Mammy who had taken a "day off" in order to attend that most important function among Afro-Americans—a wedding—was asked how she had enjoyed herself.

"Enj'y meself! I didn't enj'y meself no how," was her reply. "Twasn't no wedding, dat ar. 'Twas jest a marryin. Dere wasn't no cake nor ice cream nor nuffin else to eat wuff talkin about."

"Twasn't no wedding. 'Twas jest a marryin."—New York Sun.

A HOROLOGICAL WONDER.

The Complicated Time-Keeping Oddity Invented by a Russian Pole.

The prize wonder in the shape of a clock is the invention of a Russian Pole named Chelidion. The inventor is a clockmaker of Warsaw and boasts that he worked over 2,000 days on this time-keeping oddity. The clock represents a railway station, with waiting rooms for travelers, telegraph and ticket offices and a very pretty and natural platform, well lighted and having in its center a flower garden and a sparkling fountain. There are also signal boxes, lights, switches, water tanks—in fact, everything used in conjunction with a well regulated railway station. There is a dial in the center tower, which shows time at New York, Peking, Warsaw and London. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First all of the little figures of telegraph operators begin to work their machines, the head automaton going through the form of sending a dispatch to the effect that "the line is clear." Then the door opens, and upon the platform appear the station master and his assistants. Next a long line of little figures file up to the miniature ticket office.

After this the porters appear, carrying luggage, the bell rings, and instantly a miniature train dashes out of a tunnel and halts before the platform of the station house. While the train is waiting a miniature figure tests the wheels and axles with a tiny hammer, another pumps water into the tank of the engine, while a third busies himself stowing away small lumps of coal in the silver-plated tender. There is one signal of the bell, whereupon the door of the single coach opens, and the little figures slide in on an almost invisible wire, the opening closing after them. A second tap of the bell is the signal for the wheel tester, waterman and fuel carrier to retire into the station house.

After the third signal the whistle gives two toots, and the train quickly disappears in a tunnel opposite to the one from which it emerged five minutes before. When the train is out of sight, the station master and his assistants leave the platform, the doors close behind them, and they all retire to the other side of the station house, where, at the expiration of 15 minutes, the train again appears, and the passengers file out and seat themselves in the building preparatory to taking another trip around the station house.—St. Louis Republic.

LOPSIDED HENS.

How a Cape Elizabeth, Man Produced a Breed of Nonconformers.

Speaking of hens reminds me of a worthy townsman of ours, J. Fairfield Tuttle, who had a small patch of strawberries so situated that only a fence, and a poor one at that, divided them from a neighbor's henyard, and these same hens bothered our friend very much by getting through the fence and scratching up the strawberry plants.

Our friend tried many ways to rid himself of them, but failed until one day he saw his neighbor in the act of setting another hen.

Now, it's necessary for you to know that the hens above mentioned were of what is known as the Shanghai breed and had very long legs. It occurred to our friend Tuttle that he saw a way out of the difficulty. So procuring half a dozen bantam (short legs) eggs he stole over during the night, took out six of the eggs that were under the hen and replaced them with the six bantam.

What was the result? When the chicks were hatched, each one had one short and one long leg, and when they would stand on the short leg and try to scratch with the long one they would only succeed in throwing themselves over. When they would stand on the long leg, the short one would not reach the ground by several inches, and so in the matter of scratching they were not in it, so to speak.—Cape Elizabeth Sentinel.

Names of the Centiped.

"The word centiped in the mouth of the old sailor, as of the negro, becomes 'santipede' or 'santifone,' but I think Joe Galbraith, a Hibernal ranchman of New Mexico, should be credited with giving it the most remarkable twist from its dictionary pronunciation," said the topographer in a surveying party. "Joe camped alongside us one night on our way to Camp Grant. As two of our men in the morning were shaking a blanket which had been spread next the ground a centiped six inches long ran out from the under side of the blanket up the sleeve and face of one of the two men. The man's whiskers saved his face from the needlelike feet, and he brushed the reptile off to the ground without sustaining injury. The centiped was killed, and the party gathered round to look at it, among them Joe, eager to air his knowledge."

"Don't you know what that is?" he said wisely. "It's a Santa Fe. They say they're pizen'er'n hell."—New York Sun.

Tides and Storms.

When a tempest is approaching or passing out on the ocean, the tides are noticeably higher than usual, as if the water had been driven in a vast wave before the storm. The influence extends to a great distance from the cyclonic storm center, so that the possibility exists of foretelling the approach of a dangerous hurricane by means of indications furnished by tide gauges situated far away from the place then occupied by the whirling winds.

The fact that the tidal wave outstrips the advancing storm shows how extremely sensitive the surface of the sea is to the changes of pressure brought to bear upon it by the never resting atmosphere.—Youth's Companion.

The Engagement Broken.

A Frankford bard wrote a poem to his innamorata which was published in a suburban paper. He said her mouth was like a cowslip. The printer spared it and it read "cow's lip." Unhappy bard!—Philadelphia Record.

You'll have a Fit AND BE SATISFIED

If you have your Clothes made by

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THE FASHIONABLE TAILORS

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Finest Workmanship. Perfect Fitting. Lowest Prices.

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Near 11th Street, OAKLAND.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bank Building, Berkeley, Cal.

Telephone No. 8, Five bells.

A. DE MARCONNAY, M. D.

Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Office and Residence 84 University Avenue Opposite Sistrer Hall, West Berkeley, Cal.

TOWN OFFICERS:

TRUSTEES—W. C. Jones, M. J. Acton, N. T. Whiting, V. Stuenkel, Charles Hadlen.

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CLERK—C. S. Preble.

ATTORNEY—Thos. F. Graber.

MARSHAL—J. W. Striker.

ASSESSOR—L. W. Wells.

ENGINEER—Charles L. Huggins.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—E. H. Shaw, East Berkeley; C. K. Lord, West Berkeley.

CONSULS—T. G. Botherton, East Berkeley; Con. Newell, West Berkeley.

GAZETTELETS.

Call on E. H. Driggs for your oil and gasoline stoves. He will suit you in prices.

If you want window glass of any size, numbers, lawn mowers, any kind of cutlery, in fact for anything in the hardware line, call upon SCHMIDT & ZEINER in Shattuck Block, and you can get them to suit.

Madame Kohne, midwife and ladies' nurse, has removed from 1912 Fifth street, to Eighth street, between University avenue and Addison street.

Call at the Dwight Way Station Barber Shop, near Shattuck avenue. First class attendance.

FRED. CHAMPAGNE,

2113 Dwight Way.

NOTICE.

Parties so desiring can always call up the GAZETTE by telephone. Telephone No. 33, six bells, West Berkeley. The office in East Berkeley will for the time being be located in the same office with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

If you are in need of Potatoes, Hay, Grain, Wood or Coal, don't fail to go to C. Demetrik & Co., Commission Merchants and wholesale dealers in the above articles. Shattuck avenue, near University avenue. Telephone, No. 43; P. O. Box, 115.

Fonzo's Cafe

OYSTER HOUSE

EVERYTHING COOKED TO ORDER.

FURNISHED ROOMS

By the Day, Week or Month at reasonable rates.

Fred. Fonzo, - - Prop.

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French Wines, Liquors and Cigars

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Livery, Sale and Boarding Stable

AT BERKELEY STATION.

Where I will always have on hand, Buggies, Carriages and Horses for the accommodation of the public at reasonable charges.

Special attention given to the boarding of horses. Transient custom solicited.

Telephone 1730.

H. M. Waterbury.

OFFICE OF THE Assessor of Alameda County.

Poll Tax Notice.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the State Poll Tax of Two Dollars for the year 1895 is now due and payable at my office, Room 1, Court House, or to a deputy assessor.

SEC. 3839 of the Political Code reads as follows:

Every male inhabitant of the State, over twenty-one and under 60 years of age, except paupers, insane persons and Indians, not taxed, must annually pay a poll tax of two dollars, provided the same be paid between the first Monday in March and the first Monday in July, then it shall be three dollars.

SEC. 3846 of the Political Code makes it the duty of the Assessor to "demand Poll Tax of every person liable therefor, and on the neglect or refusal of such persons to pay, he must collect by seizure and sale of any personal property owned by such person." Under sections 429 to 434 every person who refuses to give his own name or the name of any person in his employ, or who in any manner obstructs the Assessor or any of his deputies in the collection of the State Poll Tax, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a fine of \$500 or imprisonment in the County Jail, or both such fine and imprisonment.

Only those persons under twenty-one of over sixty years of age are exempt. Poll Tax must be paid on demand.

Henry P. Dalton,

Assessor of Alameda County.

OFFICE OF THE Assessor of Alameda County.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

OAKLAND, March 4, 1895.

ALL PERSONS, firms, company, corporations and associations are required to deliver at the Assessor's office, at the Court House, City of Oakland, County of Alameda, immediately, a statement under oath of all property, both real and personal, owned, or claimed by him, her or them, or in their possession or held in trust for others, at 12 o'clock meridian on the FIRST MONDAY IN MARCH, 1895, in accordance with the constitution.

Refusal or neglect to make a sworn statement of all the property owned or held in trust, will subject the person so refusing or neglecting to make such sworn statements to the full penalty of the law—one hundred dollars fine and guilty of a misdemeanor.

All persons owning real estate that has heretofore been assessed in the wrong name on the real estate assessment book, or who have purchased real estate within the last year, are requested to appear with their deeds, at the Assessor's office, and have the proper changes made for the year 1895. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the book has already been commenced.

Proper blanks may be obtained at the Assessor's office.

Henry P. Dalton,

Assessor of Alameda County.

Miss Lillie Hansen

with the Charcoal Brazier.

Many cases of suicide have thus been brought about by means of burning charcoal, of which one example may suffice, that of son of Berthollet, the celebrated chemist. This young man became affected with great mental depression, which rendered life insupportable to him. Retiring to a small room, he locked the door, closed up crevices which might admit fresh air, lighted a charcoal brazier, and with a second watch before him noted down the time, together with his sensations as the gas accumulated.

He detailed the approach and rapid progress of delirium until the writing became larger and larger, more and more confused, and at length illegible, and the writer fell dead upon the floor.—Notes and Queries.

Count D'Orsay.

The most splendid person I ever remember seeing had a little pencil sketch in his hand, evidently intended for publication through Thackeray's good offices, which he left behind him on the table.

It was a very feeble sketch. It seemed scarcely possible that so grand a being should not be a bolder draftsman. He seemed to fill the bow window with radiance, as if he were Apollo. He leaned against his chair, with one elbow resting on its back, with shining studs and curls and boots.—"Chapters From Some Memoirs," Mrs. Ritchie.

Doesn't Get Around in Time.

Tommy—Do you say your prayers every night?

Jimmy—Yes.

"And does your maw say here?"

"Yes."

"And does your paw?"

"Naw. Paw don't need to. It's almost daylight when he gets to bed."—Cincinnati Tribune.

As a Gentle Reminder.

Dimpleton—My father-in-law has a birthday next week, and I must give him something.

Briggs—Have you decided what it shall be?

Dimpleton—Yes. I think I shall send him a motto with the words, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—New York Herald.

At a meeting of the Railroad Conductors' Association at Atlanta, Georgia, yesterday Grand Chief Conductor E. E. Clarke was reelected for two years without opposition.

General Freight Agent Wright of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was found guilty yesterday of violating the interstate commerce law in granting freight rebates. The trial was in the U. S. District court in Pittsburgh.

Ex-Governor Peter Burnett's health still continues in a very precarious condition. He may continue along for sometime and he may be dead as this article is being written.

R. Mentager of Tacoma put poison on his lawn and poisoned some cows who ate the grass. The milk from the cows made every one sick who drank it.

Notice.

Whereas my wife, Mary Swenson, has left my bed and board without my consent, I hereby give public notice that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract from and after this date, May 9, 1895.

A. SWENSON.

FOUND—A pair of glasses on Shattuck avenue, which the owner can have by proving property and paying for this notice. Apply at Stricker's cigar store: x

CASH GROCERY STORE.

DANIEL DUGGAN, Proprietor.

Corner Third and Rose Sts, Berkeley.

—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

Fresh & Choice Groceries

A First-class Bar in Connection with the store.

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Co-partnership heretofore existing between Edward Brennen and Hugh McDonald and this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to said co-partnership to be paid to Edward Brennen, who will continue the business of the firm to-wit: The Grocery Business, near the northeast corner of University and San Pablo avenues. That all debts owing by said firm will be paid by Edward Brennen.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our names and seals, this 19th day of April, 1895.

ED. BRENNEN.

HUGH McDONALD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of April 1895.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,

Notary Public in and for Alameda County, State of California, ap 19 1 m

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given the partnership heretofore existing between R. L. Agers and John J. K. Kough under the firm name and style of R. L. Ag & Co., near the corner of Dwight way Telegraph avenue, in the Town of Berkeley, Alameda County, California, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All bills payable and receivable will be attended to at the former place of business of said firm.

Dated Berkeley, April 1, 1895.

TO MIRANDA, WHO SLEEPS.

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept well!
The dawning light hath set the world astir
With chirp and warble of birds and fairy whirr
Of winglets, quivering in the broken spell
That sleep had laid on nature. Strange to tell,
Miranda sleeps not. Strange, for it were
A wonder if the delicate ear of her
Knew not this multitudinous matin bell.
Yet sleeps Miranda still! What was to meet
In dreamland, what or whom for thee to lie
Unmindful of the glory of earth and sky,
With little quiet hands and quiet feet?
And still thou sleepest, and thy sleep is sweet.
Dear heart, I would not waken thee, not I.
—E. H. Hickey in Athenaeum.

ONLY A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

But It Brought Happiness to a Little Cripple and Moisture to Many Eyes.

Seated in the corner of a Broadway car was a frail, little crippled boy, evidently an intense sufferer from a spinal disease. His head and the upper part of his body were inclosed in a network of steel and leather, and an iron brace was tightly strapped to the side of one of his legs. Poverty, too, seemed to be his misfortune. His clothing was of cheap material and bore the stamp of homemaker, and in every finger of the black cotton gloves worn by his 15-year-old sister, who accompanied him, there was a hole. Her dress was patched in several places, and her hat was a thin straw affair, trimmed with a band of faded red ribbon, but withal she was wondrous neat and clean.

At Thirty-third street a handsomely dressed young woman boarded the car and dropped into a seat directly opposite the pair. Tucked in the folds of her coat was a bunch of fresh, double violets, tied with a long purple ribbon, and their fragrant odor at once pervaded the car. The little boy caught the scent, and at once his great brown eyes were thrown upon the flowers. Then he whispered something to his sister, who blushed and told him to wait awhile. Turning his attention again to the violets, the lad gazed upon them until his eyes grew bright and round, and every few moments he would draw an extra long breath, as if to take in all of the sweet perfume he could. Soon every one in the forward part of the car was watching him. From the look of admiration there grew in those brown eyes an expression of longing so earnest and deep that it made the heart thrill with sympathy.

The young woman, with changing emotions, glanced uneasily at the boy at intervals, and soon the power of those eyes and the soul they revealed overcame her. With a quick tug she drew the violets from her coat, and with a tear springing to her eye handed them to the boy, purple ribbon and all. Before the child recovered from his great joy she sought the platform and was gone.

Nearly all the men sitting near by suddenly resumed interest in their newspapers, and some of them coughed. The women looked straight ahead through the glass, beyond the sidewalk and much farther than the obstructing show windows and doorways. It was not an earthly view that pictured itself to them; their vision was turned toward their hearts, into the tiny corner where fondest of all hopes and sweetest of sad memories were treasured.

The boy? Well, do I need to tell you of his happiness? And sister? Poor sister. She felt so ashamed. But what could she do?—New York Herald.

Electric Candles.

The electric candle is in great request in England for the lighting and decoration of dining and other tables. An ingenious device for lighting the candle is provided by placing small pads under the tablecloth and taking the current from them by means of two pin points in the base of the candlestick. The candles of course are extinguished on being taken from the table and are relighted when they are replaced in the proper position. They are so arranged that the bulb and glass imitation of a wax candle can be removed, when the candlestick can be used for any ordinary candle. When used with shades of colored silk, the electric candle makes one of the prettiest additions to a dinner table that it is possible to imagine.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Coal Packed In Water.

To prevent the deterioration which takes place in coal when stacked in an ordinary manner it has been proposed in the case of a large quantity having to be stacked for a considerable period to try the effect of submerging it in a sufficient depth of water to give the necessary pressure for confining the gas within the pores. And it is further suggested that to prevent loss of gas in transit coal might be conveyed, while remaining submerged, by the numerous canals and navigable rivers which are now being rehabilitated in the various countries of Europe.—Exchange.

A Damaging Name.

"Was your poem on 'Spring's Advent' accepted by The Asterisk?"
"No; you see I signed it 'Yblirt,' and the editor, who, like all old men, is always looking backward, sent it back, with the remark that his readers had had all the Tribly they could stagger under, and he couldn't afford to lose any more subscribers. Wasn't it mean?"—Boston Transcript.

Somebody Owes For His Paper.

What this country wants is a bichloride of squareness squirted into the veins of half the population that will make them pay their debts like men, instead of sneaking around corners to avoid meeting their creditors.—Alden Advance.

To "pile on agony" is popularly supposed to be an Americanism. It is, however, found in one of the letters of Charlotte Bronte and was used in English popular literature before the beginning of the present century.

Humboldt had a broad, well fed, intellectual countenance that showed a love for the good things of life.

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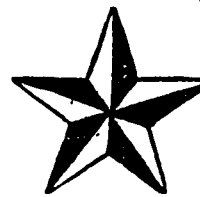
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SPONGE GARDENING.

PROFITABLE SEA FARMS ALONG THE
FLORIDA COAST.

Interesting Facts Not Generally Known
Concerning an Article of Utility—Assistance
Rendered the Industry by the Government's Fish Commission.

Ever since the sponge fisheries of the Bahamas and the gulf coast of Florida showed signs of becoming exhausted efforts have been made to cultivate sponges on farms or artificial beds, and more recently science has tried to imitate the genuine article by converting the soft fiber of the cocoanut leaves and shells into sponges of commercial value. Sponge farming is now a successful industry, and hundreds of acres in the gulf of Mexico along the Florida coast are planted with "sponge cuttings" and seeds. The work is not dissimilar in many respects to oyster culture. The young sponges are planted in water along the coast varying from one to five fathoms in depth.

A few years ago the fish commissioners had their attention called to the sponge fisheries off the Florida coast, and after finding that the beds were being rapidly depleted of the best stock, an examination of the fisheries was made to ascertain some way of preserving them. The specimens of sponge taken to Washington in the autumn of the year were found to be reproductive if the proper conditions were supplied. The sponges in the autumn were found to develop masses of protoplasm or spores, which in the spring of the year were liberated. These spores contained the small reproductive particles from which the sponges developed. Some of the sponges experimented with did not reproduce their kind at all, and it was found that in order to cultivate the sponges it was necessary to plant sponges that produced certain cells that contained the ova or egg and others that represented spermatozoa.

A small sponge farm was established at Washington, and then others along the Florida coast as experiments. These proved successful, so that private individuals went into the business. There are many acres of sponge farms near Key West, and others at Anclote, Fla., and near Tampa. These farms were first supplied with their seeds from the fish commissioners, but now they are obtained direct from the sponge fisheries. In the autumn of the year the various kinds of sponges are purchased by the sponge culturist, who generally takes an assortment that is sure to supply him with both the male and female cells.

The beds, or farms, are usually located at some well protected place along the coast and fenced in with natural formations and artificial dams. The sponge seeds are kept in small "pounds" through the winter, where the masses of protoplasm develop and grow. Early in the spring these spores are liberated in the larger body of water, where they soon swim around. The eggs continue to grow rapidly, and in a short time attach themselves to the rocks or coral formation at the bottom of the water.

It is very difficult to get the right location for an ideal sponge bed. An arm of the sea where the salt water flows in freely that has a natural hard bottom is the best. Rocks, stones and other substances can be dropped at the bottom for the sponges to fasten themselves to. The lagoon is then dammed up, so that when the seed is put in fresh it cannot float out to sea again. Some simply throw their sponges in such a lagoon in the fall of the year and let the protoplasm develop there. Under proper cultivation the sponges thus raised are superior to those found in the sea. Only the best varieties are propagated. The "sheepswool" is the choicest, with a texture fine, soft and strong. These sponges sell for from \$1.50 to \$2 a pound. The "yellow" sponge is next in quality, and its price is much less than the "sheepswool." The "grass" sponge raised is very limited, for its value is too small to pay one for the trouble.

After the sponge farm is once started there is little more to do with it except at harvesting time. The sponges grow slowly and usually three years elapse before any are pulled up. Then only the choicest, full grown ones are gathered. The others are left to produce new seeds and to reach a larger size. The picking of sponges in a farm of this nature is much simpler than to raise them from the deep waters of the gulf. Armed with a long leaded pole a boatman can easily haul up the sponges that he needs, and in the course of a day he could gather three times the quantity pulled up by the regular sponge fishermen off the coast. The water is comparatively shallow over the artificial beds, and not disturbed by tides, floating debris or winds. It is also very clear and pellucid, so that one can see the bottom for a long distance down. Occasionally one finds a sponge farm where deep sea sponges are cultivated, and it is necessary, then, to have a diver to gather them. Here again the work is made easier. The diver runs no risk from sharks, tides or other inconveniences that daily beset those off the coast.

The value of the sponge farm increases every year, despite the annual harvest that is taken therefrom. The new sponges are spreading until every square inch of the bottom and sides of the pond are covered with young and old sponges. If no diseases or enemies get into the bed, the sponges will then yield enormous crops year after year. The annual income from a good sized bed ranges from \$1,000 to \$10,000, according to its size, location and age.—Philadelphia Times.

An English View of It.

Mrs. Smith—I think it dreadful that your divorce laws in America should be so much more lenient than they are in England.

Mr. Van Rensselaer—Well, you see, my dear madam, in England divorce is a luxury, while with us it is—er—a necessity.—London Punch.